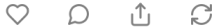


posted by danceaway

## I Used To Think People Who Said He Is Intel Were Going On Nothing—Now It’s Tabula Rasa: A Display Of Some Of The Camps; As Usual, All We Know Is That Nothing Is What It Seems

CELIA FARBER  
JUN 26



**HUO:** What about Iran? Does WikiLeaks have releases connected to Iran?

**JA:** Yes. There have been more demonstrations there recently, so we’ve been releasing material on Iran consistently since December. And the reason it has been consistent is quite interesting. Media partners that we’ve worked with—such as *Der Spiegel*, *The New York Times*, *The Guardian*, *El Pais*, and *Le Monde*—have already been inclined to produce stories critical of Iran, so they trawled through the cables to find bad stories about Iran and have been publishing them since December at a tremendous pace. Beyond publishing the underlying cables, we haven’t actually done any of our own work on Iran. But this is actually because the Western mainstream press is, as far as I can tell, inspired to produce bad stories about Iran as a result of geopolitical influences. So we didn’t need to assist, while with Egypt we had to do all the work. We’d given these Western papers all the material, and they didn’t do a goddamn thing about Egypt. However, this changed later on when we partnered with *The Telegraph*, who listened closely to our predictions.

**HUO:** When you began working with what you call “media partners,” was that a new strategy of concerted action of some sort?

Interview with Julian Assange, Part 1, 2011

Note: This tweet below is stark and categorical. I include it as an exhibit of one perspective—not because I “believe it.” Why does Vorhies write “Generally Flynn?”

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### UK Events 2024

#### The Alternative View Presents Thomas Sheridan

Date: 20 October 2024

Time: 10:00 AM - 4:15 PM

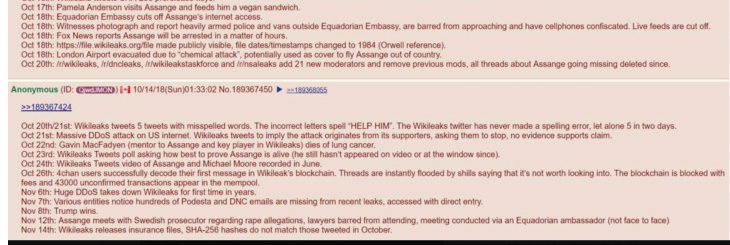
Location: The Assembly Rooms, High Street, Glastonbury, BA6 9DU

[More info](#)



#### The Magical Landscapes of these Sacred Islands Unleashed

The Assembly Rooms, High Street, Glastonbury  
Sunday 20th October 2024



Lots of strange people and events, including Pamela Anderson, (Oct 17) who visits Assange and “feeds him a vegan sandwich.”

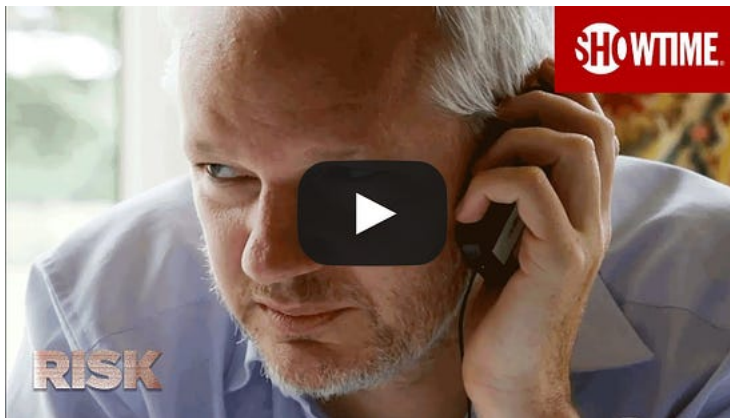
There are people on the internet who believe Anderson *killed* Assange with this vegan sandwich. Why do they think that? He’s clearly alive.

But it demonstrates the depths of hysteria, complexity, rumor, madness and static around all things Assange.

Why did Lady Gaga visit him, in a witch’s hat?

Why did Assange try to warn Hillary Clinton of impending Wikileaks emails being published, and why did he say they were not responsible? Also, why did he have his assistant call and make it sound like Hillary Clinton would take his call—knew him?

All in this clip from the (super bizarre) Laura Poitras documentary, *Risk*.



She’s strange too—but that’s for another post.

Can somebody tell me why is this whole story so *utterly bizarre*?

Here’s what John Shipton wore today, in an interview, indoors:

Belyi on How far have British policing standards slipped?

pete fairhurst 2 on Globalist banker coup.

PKinPanama on Globalist banker coup.

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## Alternative View Media

The guys who run The Tap and The Alternative View Conference. Please check them out.



[www.alternativeview.co.uk](http://www.alternativeview.co.uk)

The Assange Op has been messing with my mind all day but I had work to do on the book so I broke away and decided to deal with it later.

It's *extremely* elaborate. Part of me wants to just turn and run. I think it is a radical oversimplification to say "Assange is an intel agent" but not because anything much bodes against it. Merely because it's much more strange, gluey, and infected with too much MK-Ultra stuff to reduce it to some kind of John le Carré situation.

I think it has roots in the unimaginable—the way the CIA/Manson story does, and it would likely take at least a decade to put the pieces together.

Every time I tried to review any footage, image, language, of anybody connected to this, or him, I came away feeling more creeped out, zero reassured.

I tried to make my misgivings my own, at least. There are many solid, sober deconstructions one can find—this one for example.

Josephine Cashman on X is also an Assange skeptic, if that's the word.

And the trusted James Delingpole.



Today I felt myself also tumble, more or less, into this camp, (or point of view,) and it was disorienting to say the least.

I always got sort of legacy media vibes from all things *Wikileaks*, but I was such a sitting duck, and rube, when they published The DNC Files in 2016 (was it?) that I believed *Wikileaks* was some kind of radical truth loving brainchild of traumatized Julian Assange, who I took to be an outcast and relatively pure soul. I still think he *might* be.

Since I've been examining all the images, gestures, clothes, word choices of all the players today, I feel suddenly like—no—we're just inside yet another PSY OP.

An OP about *press freedom* that doesn't seem to have any bearing on what we are dealing with on a daily basis.

The US Supreme Court ruled today that the government can censor Americans on social media. The Assange crowd does not seem to speak to any of these catastrophes—only to the case of Julian himself.

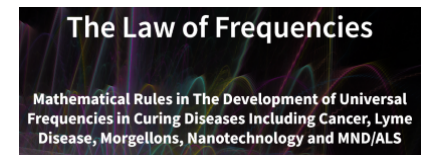
I will be writing a few pieces, with my observations about said players, and their attire, especially as pertains to colors and Monarch, but I want to begin with an open-air effort to even grasp some basics:

#### Where Is Assange's Mother?

If Assange did not know his biological father, John Shipton, why was he on the tarmac, with Stella, Assange's wife, while his mother, Christine, was nowhere to be found. In addition, she is apparently banned on X?

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Here's an excerpt from Assange's autobiography, in which it sounds like his family was hounded by this Leif guy, but never in the cult—always outran him, and it.

This begs the question: Why was this cult member so obsessed with the Assanges?

Did Julian pretend he was not in the cult, but he was—or is this the true story?

Excerpt:

HERO'S SPACE  
Preparing for a New World  
Consciousness

01:00:22

IAN SIMPSON  
Invisible Sky

01:01:43

LUCY WYATT

Lucy Wyatt AV14

**How to Watch** To watch please click on any video and purchase a ticket. Once you have made your purchase you will be sent an automatic email confirmation with your password details. You have unlimited viewings for the duration of your ticket. **Important:** Please check your spam folder after your purchase. If you don't receive your password within 10 mins please contact us. We also have a help page.

ATOM FEED

I was opposed to him from the start. Perhaps that's normal, for a boy to resist a man like that, or any man, in fact, who appears to be usurping his father or stepfather. Leif didn't live with us, though my mother must have been besotted with him at first. But whatever her feeling for him was, it didn't last. She would see him off, but he had this ability to turn up and pretend it was otherwise. Eventually, it was a matter of us escaping from him. We would cross the country and only then suffer this sinister realisation that he had found us. He'd suddenly be back in our lives and this grew to be very heavy. He had this brilliant ability to insinuate himself. He punched me in the face once and my nose bled. Another time, I pulled a knife on him, told him to keep back from me; but the

relationship with him wasn't about physical abuse. It was about a certain psychological power he sought to have over us.

In 1980, my mother became pregnant by Leif and, seeing the possible impact of my opposition, he tried at first to be reasonable, pointing out that he was now the father of my brother and that my mother wanted him around. "But if you ever don't want me around," he said, "then I'll leave immediately." He wanted to stay with us, and did, for a time, but I was conscious of wanting to look after my mother and the baby.

My mother was in love with Leif. And I was too young to understand what sexual love was all about. I just knew that he wasn't my father and that he was a sinister presence. He tried, again and again, to make the case that I should not reject him and he had this thing with my mother and he was my brother's father and everything. But a time came when I told him I no longer accepted this deal. He had lied to us in a way that I hadn't known adults could lie. I remember he once said all ugly people should be killed. He beat my mother from time to time, and you felt he might be capable of just about anything. I wanted him to leave, as he had promised me he would, but he denied that the conversation had ever happened.

And so we started moving. Nomadism suits some people; it suits some people's situations. We just kept moving because that's what we did: my mother had work in a new town and we would find a house there. Simple as that. Except that the moving in these years, because of Leif, had a degree of hysteria attached, and that, in a sense, took all the simplicity away and replaced it with fear. It would take time for us to understand what the position was, and it was this: Leif Meynell was a member of an Australian cult called The Family. On reflection, I can now see that his obsessional nature derived from that, as well as his egocentricity and his

dashing for the door. As a bribe, my mother and I told my little brother he could take his prized rooster, a Rhode Island Red, a very tall, proud, strong-looking bird, and also an extremely loud one. To match that, I insisted on taking my two-storey beehive. Picture the scene: a by-now hysterical mother and her two children, along with the pride of their menagerie, stuffed into a regular station wagon and heading up the dirt track. On the run, we learnt a little bushcraft. We learnt how to get by on very little money and not enough normality. Being unsettled was our normality and we became good at it.

My mother changed her name. We worked out that Leif must have had contacts within the social security administration – that was how The Family is thought to have worked – so it seemed best to change the names that would be held inside the government computer system. But he was quite a gifted talker and would get friends to supply him with information about our whereabouts and he would always catch up. It was a private investigator who eventually came and told us about his close relationship with the Anne Hamilton-Byrne cult. We were living in Fern Tree Gully, and I was now 16 years old. We'd come to the end of the road. Also, I was feeling almost a man myself and was ready to front-up to him. Masculinity and its discontents could be addressed here, but let's just say I knew I could waste him and he appeared to know it, too. He was lurking round the bounds of the house and I walked over and told him to fuck off. It was the first and the last time, and something in the way I said it ensured that we would never see him again.

#### **On being locked up:**

**'It was hard to go back to my cell'**

[End of Excerpt]

I was also perturbed that Julian Assange did not speak at all, at the press conference. I understand that he's exhausted but it added to the overall sense of a bunch of weird people pulling off an OP, and maybe he's the central victim, for all we know.

Stella Assange's press conference.

Tomorrow I'll tell you all the things that struck me wrong, about this clip, alone.

